

# Autumn Twilight

By Anne McDonnell

On my lips the sad bitter taste  
Of moist autumn air.

Along the shadowy earth of twilight  
A wraith-like mist.

Trees, black against white grey sky  
Stilly stand.

Deep in the grey light behind the mist-  
skirted trees  
A faint rose glow sinks lingeringly.

The mist expires,  
The grey glow fades,  
And the black trees  
Melt into jealous night.